



# Easter Lilies

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## Easter Lilies

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**T**HE soul of each lily was stainless and pure  
As the stem upward grew with confidence sure;  
True vigour and health marked the leaves' verdant sheen,  
And the buds were the fairest earth ever had seen.

Their promise of beauty was wafted afar  
Unto Realms that are ruled by the bright Morning Star,  
Who whispered their secret to Mary alone  
As she wept in the Garden with agonized moan.

The heart of the Mother was sore with her loss,  
For the Son of her love had been nailed to the Cross ;  
Now the lilies' pure grace touched the fount of her woe,  
And her tears only ceased the greater to flow.

When lo, as she wept, the bright sun softly rose,  
The lilies' white petals oped wide, ne'er to close,  
And the Angels proclaiming the first Easter Day  
Sang sorrow's dark shadows forever away.

Sweet lilies close their eyes at night,  
When dew-drops on their white lids weep  
Till comes at last the morning light  
To wake the world from out its sleep.

Sweet lilies open wide their eyes,  
To greet the Sun who warms their hearts,  
Forgetting night in glad surprise  
Now that their life his love imparts.

Sweet lilies, in their purity,  
Declare the stainless souls of men  
When found in Christ, their Surety,  
WHO TRIUMPHS NOW O'ER DEATH AND SIN!